

Practice Makes Perfect by Nearchild

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Summary:

Sitting in Mike Wheeler's basement was a usual occurrence for Will and Mike; however, as Will focuses less and less on Mike he tries to get his attention with a single question.

Practice Makes Perfect

Author's Note:

Got this as an ask on Tumblr.

Will and Mike were sitting in Mike's poorly lit basement. Will was intensely focused on whatever art project he had started that day. Mike couldn't help but admire the smaller boy as he tuned out the rest of the world and only focused on the one thing. Mike actually envied Will a little for his ability to literally ignore everything around him and focus on one thing, unfortunately for Will it just kinda made Mike desperate for his attention.

"Have you ever kissed a girl Will?" Mike waited a polite few seconds before going to desperate measures to get Will's attention. "Will? Will? Willlllliam?" Poking the boys side each time he said his name, eventually getting a little smile out of him.

"What do you want Mikey?" His bangs hung just a little off his forehead, Will's attention never lifted from the drawing, but his smile never fading.

"Did you hear my question?" Mike scooted a little closer so he could get a peek at Will's drawing, and hopefully get his attention.

"Uhhh...no." Finally looking up at his drawing Will noticed how close Mike was to him, and he couldn't help but blush at how he could look right into Mike's eyes when he was this close to him.

"I asked if you've ever kissed a girl?" If Will wasn't noticeably red before, he certainly was after Mike's question. He had just been focused on drawing a scene from their last campaign, and now Mike was asking him if at 11 years old Will had ever kissed a girl.

"A-A girl? No." His flustered answer seemed a little less than convincing but it was the truth. He had never kissed a girl, he had kissed a boy in first grade but this didn't seem like the right time to tell Mike that.

“What about at all? Like, have you ever been kissed?” Mike’s continued pressing on the matter made it a little harder for Will to omit the truth. He had always had a hard time not telling Mike everything and now he was caught having to tell Mike that he either kissed a boy or lie.

“I-I was kissed in first grade but I don’t really count that.” The half-truth was what Will’s mind settled on. He didn’t know why he couldn’t just tell Mike, it was not that big a deal. He knew Mike wouldn’t be bothered by it besides the fact that it happened when he was six and it meant literally nothing. He didn’t even know what a kiss meant at the time. “What about you? Ever been kissed?”

“Nope, not me. These lips haven’t been touched since I was born.” Mike was still really close to Will. It was kind of a strange sensation for both of them. Will could feel every inch of his body heating up, and he could swear he saw a tint of red in Mike’s cheeks. Will knew about his crush on Mike but for the first time he thought that maybe Mike also had some kind of feelings towards him. “I am actually a little worried that when it happens I won’t be any good at it. Like I will mess it up somehow.”

“I am sure you’ll do fine, besides who cares how you do at the kissing part? You’ll get better at that over time.” To Will it wouldn’t matter if there was kissing at all, as long as he was near Mike he would be happy.

“I mean yea but I think I still wanna practice before I have to kiss a girl.”

“Oh yeah? And how do you plan on doing that? When you kiss someone to practice doesn’t that automatically make it too late to practice?” Will was smiling, and giggling a little at the idea of practicing for your first kiss. How do you practice for a first anything?

“I was thinking we could practice with each other.” Will began to laugh, because he truly thought Mike was joking; however, when he opened his eyes and stopped laughing he saw that Mike was dead serious.

“Wait what? You’re serious?” He definitely could feel his cheeks turn a pure blood red.

“Yeah! Come on, we have to practice!”

“Wh-Why?!?” Will was so flustered he didn’t know what to do with himself. What does he usually do with his hands? Do they go in his lap? To his sides? Why does he need to have hands right now?

“Do you wanna be a total dork and not know what to do when you kiss a girl?” Mike’s cheeks were slightly pink but Will thought that probably just from Will acting like an idiot and making him uncomfortable.

“No... No girls will want to kiss us anytime soon.” Needing an escape route Will’s extremely logical mind went to...that.

“Yeah right now, but not always! Come on!” Will took a look into Mike chocolate brown eyes, and he just knew. He knew that he was never going to be able to say no, and he was a little confused. Confused as to why he was trying to prevent himself from kissing Mike, his best friend, who he had been crushing on for the past six months.

“Fine” He had resigned himself to what was about to happen, and he was even welcoming it, but he wasn’t about to let Mike know that he wanted this.

“Okay, Ready?” Will nodded at the taller boy who even sitting down had what seemed like 6 inches on him. “I’m coming in” Mike leaned in and actually cupped Will’s cheek, tilting his head to the side so that their noses wouldn’t collide. It wasn’t a long kiss, at most a second but to Will it felt like all 11 years of his life came together into this one moment. He probably wouldn’t even be able to tell someone the next day if it was good or bad because his opinion was so biased from his feelings. When Mike pulled back, Will gasped for air. He didn’t want to kiss Mike again, now he just wanted to hold his hand all the time.

“Well? How was it?”

Will wasn't prepared for Mike to ask for constructive criticism. His cheeks were deep red, and he was gasping for air, so he wasn't in great state of mind for it. All he could manage was, a few words while his voice cracked and reached a new high, "It was fine."